1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
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361 "This is the entrance to the farm of a Gankwe family. And there, can you see? That's a broken village. Many people died there. The others left it. This happened when Bayo was small."

4

805 "How many hours, Bakra?" Bayo asked. He could tell time by the sun and guessed almost exactly. "They are stopping on the rocks there. It's time to eat."

264 The Bush Negro usually has two meals a day, one in the early forenoon and another at night after dark when work is over. He eats little. These men were on the river with us ten or eleven hours a day, poling upstream, loading and unloading the boats where the rapids were so high that it was impossible to take the heavily loaded boats across them, and what we saw them eat was some cassava bread [267] dipped in river water to soften it, and some cold rice with a little palm oil in it. They had no time to fish, and it was a bad year for fishing, too. Of game there was little. [224] A few toucans and a monkey were all they could get along the shore—game was scarce even in the deep bush. For more than a score of decades their ancestors had been shooting game along the river, and now the animals kept away.

In the other boats Asikanu was the first served.

"Look, here is your food."

The front paddler put a calabash filled with rice and some cassava bread on the water, and the stream carried it to Asikanu.

"Did you catch it?"

"Ai."

484 261 In Sedefo's boat the cassava cakes were green with mold. One by one these disks of a finger's breadth in thickness and perhaps thirty inches in diameter were laid on the hot rocks to dry. On a trip such as this, enough must be taken to feed a man during his entire absence from home. Well in advance a man's wife, or his mother or sister, or a maternal aunt will be told of such a trip so that she may

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688 Marowyne to earn money that he needed for marrying. He was in good health, and he learned about the river "*so te*—until . . . " he knew how to travel on the river safely. But after he had been away only a short time, word came to Kasanya's village that he was ill, and before he could be brought home, he died. They brought back his hair and nail clippings so that his spirit might rest among [764] his own people. They held a big *dede wosu*—wake—for him for six days in the village, with the little coffin and the offerings which were to accompany the spirit, and dancing and Anansi stories and the adji game, just as though he had died at home. There were many guns, too. Everything was done, and the spirit of the dead son was asked to help the family against the kunu which was brought to them by the deed of his mother's mother's brother.

The second son died in the bush. His own gun went off accidentally as he tripped on a hidden liana and killed him, [789] though Kasanya had provided him with all the hunting [224] obias a man would want, and he himself had a strong Kromanti spirit, so that no gun was supposed to have power to hurt him. The third was married when he died. His boat went over in the rapids. His body was never recovered.

782 "Tomorrow we shall all go and pray to the Mother of the River that she carry us well, that our journey be pleasant, that we reach the Granman's village safely. . . . There across the river is her shrine."

3

761 It soon became clear that two things dominate the fore-
776 ground of the spiritual life of the bush—death and kunu. In
688 the last analysis, however, the two are perhaps but one force, for kunu slowly, inexorably, brings death to one member after another of the offender's kin, and it is largely the dead ancestors and the gods who are responsible for the meting out of kunu, in order that the ancient traditions and beliefs may go on. And so it was that daily, and many times daily, incidents not of our special seeking arose to document our knowledge of kunu.

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115 [586] [584] him, and what he could get on the Marowyne in a year, it would be possible for him to see to it that his betrothed had all the gifts that a man of position gave to his woman. There were, too, other things to bear in mind. Already he had seen a girl who would make a desirable second wife, but that would require still more money.

115 593 "But, Bayo," we interposed, "we saw your mother at Djamungo. She told us your girl will not be ready for marrying for some time."

"Did she say that? Did she tell you that I am still a child?"

"What's the matter, Bayo? Don't you like her?"

"Awa, I like her. Not too much. She likes to talk."

231 224 We thought it politic to give the subject a new turn. Close beside Bayo lay the dog that had accompanied him the first time he came to us here, before our journey up the river. His was a curious color, a faint pinkish hue which puzzled us.

"What is the color of your dog, Bayo?"

"He is white when he does not have obia on him. He is a hunting dog. Tross is his name. He will stay with me. The obia comes off when he goes into the river."

We laughed. "Does Tross hunt in the river, Bayo?"

"No. In the bush. But if I leave him behind, he swims out to my canoe."

231 789 Tross was to become better known to us as the days went on. He had a great affection for his master, and this feeling extended to all those who appertained to Bayo. After Bayo had attached himself to our camp, we, too, came under the aura of his dog's regard, though this may have been made the more reasonable by the fact that the netting of the mosquito guards of our hammocks appealed to Tross as a comfortable place to spend the night. He was a good watchdog, and sometimes we were awakened by his low growl, and a voice saying "*Cho!*—Be quiet!" Just now we were interested in the cord about his neck, and we asked Bayo about it.

"It is more obia. It is strong, too. Nothing happens to Tross when he goes in the bush. You will see."

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437 sleeping in their own hammocks slung under a shed provided for the purpose by the company. The next day they make their way back up the river, in the corial which they brought down with them tied behind the raft. They bring back no money; it is useless.

262 Cassava is very filling; yams are sweet; mareepa oil gives a sense of well-being; peanuts are pleasant while palavering; a few pieces of bahkra candy are toothsome to eat, but still the pot lacks meat. A slice of the white breast of a bush turkey, the *powese,* or a piece of the carcass of a red howler, or a slice of fat meat from the tapir or bush cow, or the second joint of *mom,* the bush hen, or the sweet Djuka substitute for ham, *pingo,* the peccary—these are morsels that black men dream about.

224 789 [H11] After resting a few days, one of the blacks wishes to try out his new gunpowder, and makes preparation for a hunt. The bahkra powder is too strong for the thin walls of his cheap shotgun. He dilutes it with charcoal, adding a bit of pemba dotee, the sacred white clay, to help the shot find the game. A bit of dried nekku leaf from the medicine man adds to the straightness of the aim. The gun likewise must be sprinkled with high wine, squirted from the mouth. All

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this is bush magic. Around his neck several amulets are hung, one to enable him to find the game, another to keep him from getting lost, and the third, a small pouch of dried leaves, to make him shoot well. With these he takes the game trail behind the village, by the cassava fields where the women are working.

The trail does not last long; he begins to stalk like a black shadow through the bush. Overhead, parrots are cackling noisily, green as the jungle leaves. They eye him suspiciously as he snakes his way noiselessly through the tangled bush. In the dim blue jungle light the game is hard to see. But the Djuka, accustomed to it, approaches the tree where the parrots are. Some fly away.

Down on his haunches, like a Russian dancer, the hunter advances in a squatting position until he is directly underneath. He holds his gun at arm's length, the stock resting not on the shoulder but placed in the palm of his left hand, which is extended in front of him. This is a remnant from the old flintlock days, when the pans would occasionally flash back and burn the side of the face, unless the gun were held practically at arm's length. There is the added advantage of permitting a quicker movement of the barrel over a wide arc, especially when the hunter is crouched in this squatting position. He fires and the body of a parrot comes tumbling down through the leaves.

Accompanying the Djuka hunter is his highly prized hunting dog—a mangy little terrier. It is stained all over with a red nut-juice to lend it prowess in the pursuit of some par-

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ticular animal. The red terrier will not hunt anything else. It stands now ferociously over the body of the dead parrot, its tongue hanging out, panting.

Bows and arrows are as common as shotguns, and preferred by many of the black huntsmen because they make no noise, need no mansanny. The bow is fashioned from one of the South American hardwoods, letterwood or purpleheart. The shaft is tremendously resilient, and strung with *singrassi* it takes a stout arm indeed to bend it. Singrassi is a species of grass which is hand-spun into tough cord, by rolling it on the flesh of the thigh. When unflexed, the carved bow is nearly six feet long.

The arrows are made from hollow reeds, and are extremely light and well balanced. Into one end of the reed a foot-long hardwood point is set, wrapped with singrassi and gummed. At the other end, the ferrule is similarly set in, the joint again being wrapped around to prevent splitting. Some arrows have metal points filed from old bush-knives. A five-foot arrow like this can be used as a little javelin for spearing small game. The Bush Negroes also use blunt arrows to stun birds.

A naked savage stalking through the bush, armed only with a bow and arrow, furnishes a sight of the primitive that is fast disappearing from this commonplace world. The Djuka calls some of his game, principally the agoutis, by imitating their cries on a little whistle, made out of baked clay or a hollow shell. The imitation is so accurate, in the case of smaller game, as to fool even the jaguar that feeds on

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these animals. So the hunter is occasionally surprised to find a big cat responding to his game call.

Far up the river, jaguars have been known to come near a provision clearing and carry off an infant while the mother was at work in the cassava field. The grown Djuka, however, is not afraid of these cats. The jaguar is a medium-sized feline, the third largest of the cat family, but it is essentially cowardly. If a lone Negro encounters one on a game trail, a duel commences that usually ends with the shooting of the jaguar. On one occasion we saw a hunter come back from the game trail, armed only with a machete, who had met and killed one of these cats.

There are several smaller cats in the South American jungle, ranging in size from the puma to the diminutive jaguarundi. The boa constrictor is not the menace that some travellers make it out to be. The Bush Negroes will not kill either a boa or an alligator, nor will they allow a white man to do so. If they see the white man aiming his gun at snakes, they will knock up the muzzle. Such reptiles are sacred. Some of the Indians of the district, on the other hand, are fond of snake meat, and hunt it regularly. But the Bush Negroes look down on them.

In setting traps the Bush Negroes exhibit the typical cunning of jungle dwellers. They have preserved the West African types of traps. Trails on which armadillos forage are set with a shotgun, in the middle of the path. By seizing the bait the animal shoots itself.

At night on the game trail the lone hunter builds a lean-

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224 to and camps before his little fire. The red monkey bands howl in the darkness, but the hunter is not afraid. The fact that a puma may be in a tree near by does not prevent him from snoring.

224 648 The Bush Negroes seldom have occasion to take a white man hunting. Because of his incompetence they are forced to hunt differently when he is along.

We are aroused at five o'clock one morning when Daniels, a "balata bleeder" from British Guiana, makes his appearance. He is a husky, powerful Negro from Demerara, a town in the adjacent colony, and one of the few men ever to obtain the confidence and friendship of the Djukas. Some years ago he saved many Bush Negroes from famine, when the cassava and rice crops had failed, by arranging, with the aid of Mynheer Alexander Wolff, for the Dutch government to give many thousands of guilders' worth of rice to feed them. Because of this, and because he speaks English perfectly and has the bahkra's point of view, no better person could possibly accompany us on the coming hunt.

[482 415 171] The three Bush Negro bearers who go along with us carry wicker baskets of woven reed containing supplies. They are carried on the bearer's back, held in place by a band around the forehead—a device borrowed from the Indians.

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The blacks admire the bahkra's shotgun and rifle—beautiful, well-oiled weapons which they love. They gaze through the barrel of the shotgun to see the clean bore, and make a comparison with their own meagre, fouled guns. They sniff at the rifle, however, because it shoots only one bullet. How can a man get game with a single ball? Explanations of the high power of the shell produce no effect upon them.

We load. Canned goods, rice, bacon, tobacco, coffee—enough for five days. The provisions are packed in the wicker rucksacks, along with hammocks. The start is made. Walking through the village, the packers exchange jests with Negro women who pause to watch us go by. The hunters are teased regarding the amount of game they will bring back.

After a half-mile walk we reach the new cassava fields in back of the village at a quarter of six, as the sun is rising. The women are already at work. Beyond lies the game trail. It is simply a slight path through the jungle brush, with occasional pools of water through which we wade. Idle toucans eye us from nearby palm trees. A flurry in the bush off to the right indicates the escape of an agouti, but we are not quick enough to see it. The agouti is a kind of giant guinea pig, called by the natives *cony-cony*, meaning "cunning-cunning," because it is hard to outwit. The Bush Negroes are eager to get some of this sweet, succulent meat.

Within an hour the last cassava field is left far behind and we are in the "high bush." The tops of giant trees are lost to sight a hundred and fifty feet overhead. Their massive trunks are buttressed with branches that have grown back

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224 648 137 into the ground, becoming roots. The jungle vines, the lianas, twine about the boles of palms, adding to the tangle of leaves. The jungle is one immense struggle, none the less fierce because it is silent. The foliage is fighting for light and air.

224 648 We wade across a number of small creeks that bar our path. Beautiful flat-winged butterflies hover in the hot air. The drone of other insects continues until our ears become accommodated to the sound and we no longer hear it. For five hours the trek continues.

At eleven o'clock a halt is called for lunch. The Djukas [482] drop their fifty-pound packs, under which they have trotted more easily than the white with only a gun and canteen. A little fire is started and we begin to eat. The creek beside the camp has no name; it is known only as a small tributary of the Lombe Creek. This is the occasion for a little ceremony. The stream is to be named after the first person to eat beside it, which in this case is a white man. A Bush Negro takes a mouthful of water from the creek and spits it back, motioning us to do the same. We comply. Then the Negro names the stream *"Datra Cong Creekee"*—"Doctor Kahn Creek." The others respond with solemnity, "Daso." We pass a few pleasantries and go on.

By two o'clock the fatigue is beginning to tell on the bahkra. A halt is called. The country gets higher as we leave [83] the neighbourhood of the river, but the bush does not thin out. The ground is rolling, with knolls fifty feet high. Up these the carriers scramble like goats, despite their load, but Daniels says they are going slow because of the bahkra. Be-

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sides the pack each carries a shotgun and a bush-knife. The latter is indispensable, for if the game falls in the brush it literally has to be cut out. There is nothing but muck underfoot, and our boots are by this time weighted down with it. We recall the adventurer Stedman going barefooted through this bush; and while preoccupied with this thought we slip on some roots and flounder in the mire.

Just where a yard-thick tree lies fallen across the path we come upon footprints. After studying them the Negroes state that a hunter passed along this trail the day before. Suddenly Daniels motions everyone to be still. He hears monkeys in the tree-tops a hundred yards ahead.

Noiselessly the packers unsling their harness and drop the baskets in the trail. Daniels and the bahkra go forward, as carefully as possible, hoping for monkey meat. It is impossible for white men to avoid making a sound in the brush; the monkeys hear it and cease their noise. They must know that something is approaching. Daniels motions us to lie down, and twenty minutes are passed perfectly immobile on the ground. We are conscious only of our own breathing and a slight movement of wind in the blue half-light of the jungle. Bodies in contact with the earth bring back the memory that we are preying animals. Civilization has not eradicated the primitive thrill of stalking meat.

There is a noise in the high branches overhead; we can see though we cannot hear the rustling where the tree-top has bent under the weight of a simian. As yet no form has been seen. There is no wind now, only an uncanny stillness. The

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224 rustle is heard again; there is no doubt that it is caused by the
648 movement of a monkey. But cautiously rising up on our knees we can just make out a tiny patch of brown fur amidst the green far above. We draw a bead on the target and fire both barrels.

There is a human-like screech, and after it the crash of a body tumbling down through the branches. But it does not fall; the monkey is only wounded and catches itself halfway. Quickly Daniels fires both barrels and finishes the job. A huge black spider monkey, the *quata,* falls to the ground forty feet away, quite dead. We have fresh meat for supper.

The bearers are back on the trail, now completely out of sight. Daniels picks up the carcass of the monkey and starts to return in what we are sure is the wrong direction. Of all places to get lost, we think, none is worse than the high bush, where there is only one trail, and that cannot be found. But Daniels was too wise to trust to a sense of direction. In spite of the excitement of imminent game, coming in from the trail he had broken little twigs all along the way. By following these markers we find the way back through the trackless bush.

The bearers are still waiting on the trail, and are delighted at the sight of the monkey. One of them makes a slit in its chin and passes through it a length of singrassi, the hand-spun cord. The end of the string is tied around the monkey's tail, thus binding the head and the tail together. The carcass is then slung over the shoulder like a big brass horn, and we are ready to go.

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224 648 The next day the hunters rouse early and breakfast in the freshness of the warm morning. Two of the Djukas refuse absolutely to accompany the bahkra any further. The white man, they say, goes through the jungle like a thunderstorm and brings bad luck. The prospects of getting any game with him around are exceedingly small. They get out their hunting amulets, and rub on their gun-barrels a concoction prepared by the medicine man. Daniels laughs at this, but they refuse to be teased. [789]

"You'll see!" they assert doggedly, certain of their magic.

The party splits up to go in three directions. Two bearers remain with us, one posted out ahead as a tracker, and Daniels, who brings up the rear as gun-bearer. The other two Negroes go in different directions and are immediately out of sight. We continue ahead, cutting the way through the bush—there are no trails. For two hours we tramp along without sighting game, realizing that *more things see us than ever we see*. The jungle is not teeming with game, as popularly believed. There is an occasional herd of bush hogs, [136] but in general it is necessary to hunt long and hard to bag any amount of meat. It is doubtful if a man could subsist on the food his gun brings in, not because the game is lacking but because of the difficulty of seeing it.

224 The Djukas also hunt in other ways. One device is "still hunting"—sitting motionless in a tree beside a game trail, waiting for some animal to come along underneath. The Indians' *curare* and the blow-gun which shoots the poisoned [411] dart are not employed by the Negroes. The only co-operative

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hunts among the Djukas occur when a tapir is sighted near the village; in which case all will go out and endeavour to surround it, and share equally in the kill. When, in dry seasons, *pingos* (bush hogs) swim the river in herds, the Bush Negroes take every available corial and paddle after them, cutting their throats, knocking them on the head, or drowning them by holding their heads under water. The result is a feast, and the excess meat is smoked.

Djukas have also been known to leap from their canoes upon the backs of deer swimming the river, and thus to drown them.

Game that hears us first is gone. A herd of peccaries ahead of us hears the approach; there is a loud crash as they retreat back into the high bush. The Negro tracker finds the trail and we beat around after them for hours, but the animals have outwitted us and cannot be located.

At the end of the day the other hunters return, one of them bringing in a small anteater and a red howling monkey, while the other carries two agouti. Our own success consists of one *powese* (bush turkey) and a small armadillo, the *capusee*. These are cleaned and smoked, and camp is made for the night.

About dusk one of the men goes into the jungle. Less than fifteen minutes later we hear the distant detonation of both barrels, followed by loud yells. Instantly everyone grabs for firearms and begins running in that direction, stumbling and sliding in the jungle evening. The Bush Negroes make their way with marvellous rapidity through the moonless dusk,

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224 hardly more than shadows. We find the man unharmed, 648 excited and voluble. He encountered a puma, a large one. He fired at close range and wounded it. We see a track of blood, and instantly set out to follow it. It is too dark now; we are forced to retreat back to camp, blazing the trees along the route to find the trail in the morning.

[342] At camp the Djukas erect four uprights and a roof of palm frond, as a shield from the rain and heavy dew. Another is rigged for their own use, and the hammocks are slung underneath. Again they sit up around the campfire and tell loud stories, the same ones, probably.

000 Sitting by the campfire in the pathless interior, thinking of the hundreds of desperate and difficult miles of surrounding jungle, blue by day and black by night, in the company of a few Negroes without whom it would be impossible to return, it is difficult for anyone to escape a feeling of weakness and insignificance. One scoffs at the black man's superstitions, his amulets and guardian spirits, but in the bush at night one senses the overpowering magnitude of the fierce wilderness, one begins to understand his need for such things as a protection against the psychological powers of the darkness. We realize, of course, that there is little in the bush capable of hurting anyone, save some big cats and a few rare snakes. But, as a sceptic has said, it is not reason which governs men.

132 Late that night forked lightning lit up the eerie passages of the jungle. The corridors of trees were filled with wind. The branches, whipped furiously by the great volume of fast

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moving air, roared like an open steam valve. We are rudely awakened by Daniels, who shakes our hammock violently. He shouts over the uproar; everyone must leave the huts at once. A giant tree close to the windward is about to fall and might crush the huts while we sleep.

We quickly abandon the hut and are immediately drenched. Imagine such disconsolate men, staring at the moving wilderness of leaves damning all trees and all weather that takes them out of their hammocks at two o'clock in the morning, and almost reconciled to the idea of being crushed in comfortable hammocks in preference to standing out in the open, expecting a tree to fall on them anyway. But in a short time the storm subsides sufficiently to allow us to return.

The next morning we break camp and trek another day back into the interior. There are no camps now, no huts of any kind, no men. Only the high bush. We make an early start to look for the puma that escaped the night before. There is a bloody bed of sheltered leaves where the puma rested, but the rest of the path is obliterated by the storm.

We turn and begin the trek back.

A curious custom widely prevalent among the Bush Negroes is that called *Dressy Dahgo,* or dressing the dog, in

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224 231 825 other words, preparing a dog in such a manner that it will be capable of hunting a particular species of game. There are several methods of accomplishing this. The Negro may grasp the animal between his knees and pour the *dressy* through the nose of the dog. This substance is composed of pieces of the animal which they desire the dog to hunt. Most commonly it is the foot; this is dried and then infused with water. The infusion is also rubbed on the dog's feet. Such preliminaries are usual in hunting peccary.

If the hunter desires to prepare his dog for pursuing the *labba,* a type of water rodent, he cuts the flesh from the nose of the labba and also from its feet, prepares an infusion with water, and then pours this through the dog's nose. Still another method is to mix the hair of the animal which is to be hunted with pepper, and then to rub the dog all over with this mixture.

A fourth way is to feed a piece of the liver of the desired animal to the dog; but it is essential that the liver be placed on a knife, allowing the dog to eat it from that.

224 845 There is an interesting superstition among the Djukas that anyone who is related to a twin will seriously disrupt a hunting party. On one occasion a large quata, or spider monkey, was sighted by some hunters who, however, failed to bring the animal to earth after fifteen shots. Their ill-luck to the fact that one of the huntsmen "belonged to a tw

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torchlight. The Djukas have a rodent trap that is a direct African survival, found on both the West and East Coasts of Africa.

Stedman mentions in his *Narrative* that the Bush Negro rebels used a kind of conch-shell trumpet to call their people to arms. The same species of trumpet is still to be found among the Djukas, and is similar in type to those found on the Gold Coast. The nose flute used by the Bush Negroes also comes from the Congo region of Africa. Wooden trumpets like those used by the Bush Negroes are found also along the Gold Coast and in the Congo country.

The drums form perhaps the clearest and most characteristic West African survival. They are not at all like the Indian drums of the same region, which are flat and more like a tambourine. The Djuka manner of constructing them from a hollowed-out log, with skin stretched over the opening and thonged over pegs, is commonly in use among innumerable African tribes. The tuning of them by hammering on the pegs, set at an angle, is also a detail from Africa. The use of drums for communication over long distances, and the development of an elaborate code of drum signals, is developed to a high degree among West African tribes. Rattray, in his study of the Ashanti people, gives an extended description of this.

The *anansi-tories,* the spider stories, ubiquitous in the West Indies, are also found among the Tshi-speaking peoples of the West Coast. The use of white clay for smearing ceremonial objects and amulets is African. The decoration of

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--Disputes over the appropriation of lands are very rare in Boni country because of the sparseness of population.

We have never seen the grand man hold anything other than audiences of conciliation relative to people who had fought or threatened each other. [183] The custom of the Refugee Blacks would indeed be difficult to fit into a code. The state of persons and social duties derive so directly from beliefs that the intervention of a judge is not indispensable for the functioning of the society.

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The grand man is supposed to retain power over all the lands of Boni country which are not allocated to lineages; in particular, this is the case with the upper basin of the headstreams of the Lawa.
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It is above all by virtue of this that he is considered the suzerain of the Indians living in this territory. The same conception exists among the Djuka with respect to the headstreams of the Tapanahoni.

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The suzerainty of the grand man over the land and waters is marked, as in Africa, by special rights in the domain of hunting and fishing. He alone can authorize group fishing on the great river by the process of la nivrée. The same problem does not hold for hunting which is practiced in a strictly individual fashion. But it is taken for granted that if a tapir (1) is killed in Boni country,

1. The tapir is the largest animal of the bush.

the hunter must carry its head as well as a thigh to the grand man.

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A certain misunderstanding reigns between the Europeans and the Boni on the subject of the duties of the grand man. The Europeans tend to believe that he commands the tribe in the way in which a colonel commands a regiment, that he can designate a certain man for a certain job, fix the price of boats, etc. The grand man tries to give satisfaction to the administration /72/ to justify the pay he draws, but he succeeds very badly in it, for in reality he possesses almost no temporal power.